



LOVE YOUR OWN LAND

I've been a wanderer thro',
Oft by land and oft by sea
East to west where'er I turn'd,
Dear home my heart would beat for
thee,
I thought of days of sunny childhood,
When by Banna's banks I strayed
I thought of meadows & of wild wood
Of ruined abbey where we pryed,

CHORUS—

Love your own land love no other,
Nature crowned her beauty's queen
Prize no other land above her
Love your own dear Isle so green,

Can you equal famed Killarney
Whose name re-ounds from shore to
Shore
Or can you equal Castle Blarney,
Whose walls them Lakes are tower, o'er
Match me famed old Slievenamore the
Whose heath crown'd head-to-heaven
Does stand

Or can you equal Derryane men
The birth place of Immortal Dan

There's Clifton up in Connemara
From whose shores I've cross'd the sea
Match me wild historic T. A. R. A.
In pomp and pride of former days,
Or equal Wicklows Glendalough, then
The Churches bless that heavenly scene
Parallel Wexford & New Ross Men
Can you equal Skibbereen

There's Limerick & Tipperary,
Or can you equal Garryowen
If from these you wish Vary
Take Ireland's centre sweet Athlone
Thou river of majestic Beauty,
The name o' Shannon bear Away
In wild career to embrace the Ocean
Thou cross'd was never stopt in sway

There's B.ay & Howth our bays de-
fender,
Whose straits shall ice & tide can chafe
But if the blood tide you should enter
Your sur to meet with wild Clontarf
Upon who's plains as history stated,
The proud invader he was slew,
And the Deans the were defeat'd,
By that Mosarch Brian Boroiune,

